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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

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IF we are to believe, univerſally, that virtue leads directly to happineſs, and vice to puniſhment in this world, I am afraid we ſhall form very erroneous opinions of the people we converſe with; as every melancholy face will appear to be produced by a bad heart, and every chearful face by a good one. But it will be no diſcouragement to virtue to ſay, that the reverſe of this is much oftener the caſe; nay, ſo obſtinate am I in this opinion, that I ſeldom ſee a countenance of ſincere and ſettled grief, without concluding it to be the effect of ſome eminent degree of virtue.

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IF ſickneſs and bodily pain were, indeed, all the misfortunes incident to our natures, it might be ſaid, with ſome colour of truth, that virtue was generally its own immediate reward; as every one will allow, that temperance and abſtemiouſneſs lead more directly to health and eaſe than riot and debauchery. But while we have affections that ſteal us from our own happineſs, to involve us in the miſery of thoſe about us, they who have the beſt hearts, will be oftenеſt made uneaſy.

THE good man conſiders the whole human race as his own family; and as ſuch a perſon, in a world like this, is liable to more diſappointments than one who has only himſelf to care for, his troubles and mortifications will aſſuredly be greater.

THE friends of virtue ſhould therefore be cautious of promiſing what they are not ſure will be performed; leſt by a failure in the end, they bring diſcredit upon the means. It will be always ſufficient to ſay of virtue, that its reward is certain, while it can be ſaid of that reward, that it is happineſs eternal.

THE following allegory, which is a literal tranſlation from the ſame old Spaniſh author, from whom the ſtory of Gonzales de Caſtro in my firſt paper was taken, ſuppoſes the good man to be unhappy upon earth, only becauſe his goodneſs is imperfect. I inſert it here (though not exactly applicable to my ſubject) as the moſt inſtructive entertainment I am able to give my readers at this ſeaſon.

IF the ladies ſhould happen to conceive any diſlike to ſome little ſeverities in it, they are deſired to take notice that the author was a Spaniard, and that he wrote at a time, when it appears by the concurrent teſtimony of all hiſtorians, that the ſex was not abſolutely without fault.

JUPITER

JUPITER, when he made Man, brought with him from heaven a nymph called FELICIA, or Happineſs, to be his companion. The better to engage them to each other, he furniſhed Man with thoſe Paſſions and Affections which were to feed the mind with perpetual wiſhes, with a guide called Reaſon to reſtrain their violence; and to the Nymph he gave immortal beauty, together with a certain degree of coyneſs, which is always ſure to engage purſuit, and endear poſſeſſion.

BUT as if ſome other power had a malicious deſign to ſet this pair at variance, notwithſtanding the ſeeming deſire of Jupiter to unite them, FELICIA became inſenſible to every thing but virtue, while the Paſſions of Man generally hurried him to a purſuit of her by the means of vice. With this difference in their natures, it was impoſſible for them to agree; and in a ſhort time they became almoſt ſtrangers to each other. Reaſon would have gone over to the ſide of FELICIA, but ſome One of the Paſſions always oppoſed him; for, what was almoſt incredible, though Reaſon was a ſufficient match for the whole body of Paſſions united, he was ſure to be ſubdued, if ſingly encountered.

JUPITER laughed at the folly of Man, and gave him Woman. But as her frame was too delicately compoſed to endure the perpetual ſtrife of Reaſon and the Paſſions, he confined the former to Man, and gave up Woman to the government of the latter without controul.

FELICIA, upon this new creation, grew again acquainted with Man. She made him a viſit of a month, and at his entreaty would have ſettled with him forever, if the jealouſy of Woman had not driven her from his roof.

FROM

FROM this time the Nymph has led a wandring life, without any ſettled habitation. As the world grew peopled, ſhe paid her viſits to every corner of it; but though millions pretended love to her, not a ſingle mortal had conſtancy to deſerve her. Ceremony drove her from court, avarice from the city, and want from the cottage. Her delight, however, was in the laſt of theſe places, and there it was that ſhe was moſt frequently to be found.

JUPITER ſaw with pity the wandrings of FELICIA, and in a fortunate hour cauſed a mortal to be born, whoſe name was BONARIO, or Goodneſs. He endowed him with all the graces of mind and body; and at an age when the ſoul becomes ſenſible of deſires, he breathed into him a paſſion for the beautiful FELICIA. BONARIO had frequently ſeen her in his early viſits to Wiſdom and Devotion; but as lightneſs of belief and an over-fondneſs for mankind were failings inſeparable to him, he often ſuffered himſelf to be led aſtray from FELICIA, till Reflection, the common friend of both, would ſet him right, and reconduct him to her company.

THOUGH FELICIA was a virgin of ſome thouſand years old, her coyneſs was rather found to increaſe than to diminiſh. This, perhaps, to mortal old maids may be matter of wonder; but the true reaſon was, that the beauty of FELICIA was incapable of decay. From hence it was, that the fickleneſs of BONARIO made her leſs and leſs eaſy of acceſs. Yet ſuch was his frailty, that he continually ſuffered himſelf to be enticed from her, till at laſt ſhe totally withdrew herſelf. Reflection now came only to upbraid him. Her words, however, were of ſervice, as by ſhewing him how he had loſt

FELICIA,

FELICIA, they gave him hopes that a contrary behaviour might, in time, regain her.

THE loſs of happineſs inſtructs us how to value it. And now it was that BONARIO began in earneſt to love FELICIA, and to devote his whole time to a purſuit of her. He enquired for her among the Great, but they knew her not. He bribed the Poor for intelligence, but they were ſtrangers to her. He ſought her of Knowledge, but ſhe was ignorant of her; of Pleaſure, but ſhe miſs-led him. Temperance knew only the path ſhe had taken; Virtue had ſeen her upon the way; but Religion aſſured him of her retreat, and ſent Conſtancy to conduct him to her.

IT was in a village far from town that BONARIO again ſaw his FELICIA; and here he was in hopes of poſſeſſing her for ever. The coyneſs with which ſhe treated him in his days of folly, time and the amendment it had wrought in him, began to ſoften. He paſſed whole days in her ſociety, and was rarely denied acceſs to her, but when Paſſion had miſguided him.

FELICIA lived in this retreat, with the daughter of a ſimple villager called Innocence. To this amiable ruſtic did BONARIO apply for interceſſion, upon every new offence againſt FELICIA; but too impatient of delay, and out of humour with his advocate, he renewed his acquaintance with a court-lady called Vice, who was there upon a viſit, and engaged her to ſollicit for him. This behaviour ſo enraged FELICIA, that ſhe again withdrew herſelf; and in the warmth of her reſentment, ſent up a petition to Jupiter, to be recalled to heaven.

JUPITER, upon this petition, called a council of the gods; in which it was decreed, that while BONARIO continued upon earth, FELICIA ſhould not totally depart